## NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1873.

## THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

Keeping Green the Memory of Our Revolutionary Sires.

SPLENDID DISPLAY IN NEW YORK.

An Enthusiastic Celebration by the Tammany Society.

THE OLD WIGWAM'S PATRIOTISM.

Ringing Speeches by the Hon. S. S. Cox and Others.

## THE CELEBRATION ELSEWHERE.

The Tammany Society celebrated the Fourth in their accustomed manner. The large hall in the big wigwam was handsomely decorated with flags, flowers, and shields bearing the coats of arms of the several States. The company began to assemble at 9% o'clock, and by 10 o'clock every seat was occupied. At precisely 10% the Sachems and members of the society donned their regalia, and forming in procession In the lower chamber, marched to the large hall.

First was Mr. John D. Newman, the Wiskinskie,
bearing the pole surmounted by the liberty cap.

Following him came Mr. Chas. H. Haswell, the Bagamore, and Mr. Alfred T. Ackert, the Scribe of the Council. Then followed Grand Sachem Augustus Schell and the Hon. Clarkson N. Potber, the long talker. After them marched the Bachems, members, short talkers, and guests. As they walked down the aisle the band played a patriotic air, and the audience arose and cheered. Among the guests who were seated on the platform were the Hon. Rufus F. Andrews and Gen. Pinckney, the Clerk of the Common Council. After the Grand Sachem had de-livered the address of welcome, the Hon. James C. Spencer advanced to the front of the platform, and in a clear, ringing voice read the Declaration of Independence. The reading was received with applause, those portions of the Declaration which touch upon tyranny and arbitrary rule calling forth cheers.

An outherst of patriotism.

After the reading the "Star Spangled Banner" was sung by a quartette of male voices. At the conclusion of each verse the audience, who had been requested to join in the chorus, arose and added their voices to those of the quartette. The effect was astonishing. Everybody sang as loud as he could. The Hon. Rufus F. Andrews sang until he became red in the face, beating time the while with his head, his hands, and his feet. Mr. Brown, of Grace Church, marked the time for the gentlemen who were standing on the back of the platform, and using a folded progr. mme for a baton, marked the time for the roll of the platform, and using a folded progr. mme for a baton, marked the time for the vast assemblage in a manner which would have gone credit to a Strauss or a Theodore Thomas.

After the singing the Grand Sachem announced that in accordance with the usages of the society they would have a long talk from the Hon. Clarkson N. Potter.

Mr. Potter was received with applause, the Hon. Rufus F. Andrews rising and waving his handkerchief.

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Mr. Potter began with a survey of the material prosperity of the country, describing in glowing language the progress which had been made within a few years. He thought the great cause for alarm was the corruption of the party in power. Most of the existing evils were the result of private and special legislation. Something must be done to destroy the influence of

A GREAT CORPORATION.

A GREAT CORPORATION.

It was left to the folly and the wickedness of man to contrive it." He thought that the only way to save the country was to limit the powers of both the Federal and the State Governments and to restrain the great corporations. He concluded with the hope that the Democratic party might be soon restored to power, and thus be able to use its best efforts to restore the country to its former greatness.

Letters were read from several distinguished Democrats, among them ex-Governor Seymour, Governors Walker and Ingersoll, the Hon. Michael C. Kerr, the Hon. Charles A. Eldridge, and the Hon. Richard Vaux. The following letter from Col. Frederick A. Conkling was also read:

COLONEL CONKLING'S LETTER. SHARON SPRINGS, July 2, 1873.

The Hon. Augustus Schell, Tammany Had, New York

DEAR SIR: I have received the friendly invitation of the Tammany Society to be present and deliver an ad-

and of the us of such a combination, that it may not destroy the body notine. In one war are I have heartly emisted. Destruction in the war are I have heartly emisted. Destruction of the herries of my country, and the research of the such as the research of the such and the such as a successful to expect on power the memorrs of a national and state administration who have made all former sumministrations, Councresses, and Legislature respectable by comparison. On our one great day of national public, let all particle men resolve that the institutions which were reased by the toil and sufferings of our fathers, and which have so recently become cemented by our or others "lood, shall not peria in our hands.

Faithfully yours,

F. A. CONKLING.

cemented by our prothers "lood, shall not perisa in our hands."

OLD TIME ENTHUSIASM.

After another song by the glee club, the Grand Sachem announced a short talk by the Hon. Abraham K. Lawrence.

Mr. Lawrence on stepping to the front of the platform was greeted with round after round of applause, and when Mr. Kufus F. Andrews, almost beside hims H. rushed forward, and waving his handkerchief, shouted "Three cheers for Abe Lawrence," the outside audicince sprang to their feet, and responded with cheer upon cheer.

Mr. Lawrence began by saving that he took the opportunity to thank his Democratic friends for the generous support which they gave him in the canvass for the Mayoralty. He thought it a support of which he had a right to be proud. [Applause and cries of "We'll give it to you again"] He thought that the city of New York was the place from which the initiative force must be given which was to restore the Democratic party to power in the State and nation. From the members of the Tammany Society that impulse must be given which would make the Democrater raily around the old flag and carry it to victory.

An Absurdity In Reform.

"The Tammany Society," said he, "must put forward at the next and at every election men forward at the next and at every election men high-minded and of good character—men who believe in economy, but who do not believe that economy is meanness or nigrardness—[Applause]—men who believe that a man should be paid his honest debts, and not be forced to sue the city for it—and men who believe that improvements should not be stopped. [Applause.] This is very short talk."

As Mr. Lawrence retired he was loudly cheered.

A Great Speech by the tion, S. S. Cox.

The next speaker was the Hon. Samuel S. Cox, who was received with applause. He said; GENTLEMEN: This day is not honored as it was, nor as it should be. Questions of public liberty do not stir the popular conscience or engage the general intelligence. The grievances of the Declaration grieve no more. Its patriotism falls on sodden ears. Fifteen years ago this day, Caleb Cushing addressed this society. He glo-rified the Democracy, then known as "Unionsavers," "Pro-slavery," and what not, as the party of progress, of administration, of patriotism, and conciliation. Of course, since then, some virtue has gone out from us. In glowing sentences he inquired, "Have we derogated from the high standard of the fathers?" He defrom the high standard of the lathers: He de-nied it, especially as to those of Democratic faith. Gen. Dix. too, on that day, wrote to the sachems that "Democracy and national free-dom are identical." He applauded this Society for its consistency and patriotism! What would he say to-day if he calmiy reviewed the habitual political character of our time? His recent ninety odd vetoes of "reform" legislation sig-nificantly answer the question and point the moral.

THREE GREAT DISASTERS, in the city, and the Lord have not done it? The good man in Boston improved it to deter other cuites from too much Boston assurance and Hartford insurance. The cleft of the rock was narrow and dark, but, he said, it was covered by the Lord's hand! The fire flend was a friendin disguise. Like the election and other calamities, it was not proportioned to the moral deserts of those who suffered. To build fire-proof vaults and pay for policies were presumptions distasteful to God, therefore he made the magnificent Mansard a match to light up a city for a warning and reduce it to ashes for an ensample.

sample.

A Cincinnati minister preached upon the "epizoot" with similar improvement. His text was: "Behold the hand of the Lord is upon the horses." Because men were in alliance with brutes: because, I suppose, some men were more attached to a horse rare than to the human rice, and ran inordinately the quadruped with the Administration, it was divinely ordered that when one suffered the other must. These gospellers unintentionally drew the sad lesson of the election—that the most deserving suffered most, and the worst least. Jove once hurled a thunderholt at a Sophist. It struck and consumed a temple and left the bad man unscathed. To the unphilosophical mind there may be no lessons in this triplex calamity of last year. Such a one fears to justify the ways of God to men. He has not learned that "beneath a frowning Providence he hides a smiling face." What Frenchman was it who said that "Irony was the foundation of the divine character?" It he be right, what a solemn vein of sarcastic disapproval of the Administration is to be found in last year's rar popula, rar Drif. Irony is a sort of ridicule, which seems to approve in o der to expose—the wrong. I am not sure but that the Fr nch cynic was right in describing this terrible manifestation of the Deity. Even the Latin motto, that the father cherishes when he chastises, and strengthens us when he wrestles with us, has its counterpart in Biblical lore. There is a divine forbearance which waits for repentance. When the repentance fails, forbearance fails; and to! the terrible wrath of the Father! I would rather believe in the Talm d, or the Book of Mormon, or that this world were without a plan, than accept last year's year's very which rules men and nations. If it is not irony, it is meaningless.

OUR GREAT RULER AND REFORMER.

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The first election of the President was considered by him and others as a reward for his military service. The last one was held to be the vindication of his personal character and his policy as a ruler and reformer. As to his personal character I have no remark. Our foreign ministers first ironically interpreted the election. Full of the San Domingo treaty and the Geneva magniloquence they laid down their crowns, even before the inauguration made it decorous; and that apostic of civil service, the accomplished Curtis, feeling that there was no more for him to do, laid his reformatory chaplet at the altar of success. But we have some who complain. Was there ever a providence, however well meant, which did not evoke complaint? Shipbuilding groans for work; navigation begs for bounties; commerce cries aloud for gains. Who does not complain?

The brown-fisted rough, the shirt-sleeved Cid. The below mode Chaffengare of each reserve.

tion begs for bounties; commerce cries aloud for gains. Who does not complain?

The brown-fated rough, the shirt-sleeved Cid.
The brown-fated rough, the shirt-sleeved Cid.
The backwoods Charlemagne of empires new, grow profane in marts and mines at the East and the West, while the farmers meet in granges, indignant at leviathan monopolies, and stamp their heels on gouty toes of moneyed dignities. The children of toil will not see how beautiful it is to contribute by plough, loom, and anvil to the angelic statesmen of this heaven-favored period! They even go so far as to reproach an unselfish Congress for raising its pay and the patriotic President for goubling his salary! They call it a vulgar grab, and will not see that luxury of high living exalteth a nation. But did not kome have her shoddy displays, superficial fashions, monopolizing corporations, grinding taxition, and personal greed; and was not Rome exalted—before she fell? Are not all equal before the law now; and if Legislatures are bad in Lenns: Ivania and New York, then why not allow them to be bought in Kansas, cajoled in Arkansas, and kidnapped in Louisiana? Was there ever so unreasoning a people? When we have repose in the South, they call it decay and death; when it is action, they call it fraud and force. They ask for peace. Well, its not the Administration continually ringing down the curtain over the sangulnary drama of our war? Yet soldiers who followed McCleilan, Franklin, Slocum, and Hancock grumble because our starred ensign remains in the keeping of the gallant jayhawker of Virginia, or because his hur gry guerrillas are sharers; the Federal board. They insanely cry for Southrons like What matters it which class of rebels rule in the despoiled South—a battalion of scattered

bummers or the orderly masses of bonest men?
What matters it whether the South is ruled by
one man with a kink in his character, or by another with a kink in his hair? Whether Louisland succumbs to the Gaulin guns of Casey, the
sword of the Federal Executive, the illegal decree of Durell, or the keen razor of Pinchback?
Is not reform the order of Providence? Did not
Wilson plant and Colfax water? Alas! for that
reform. There are those who will persist with
cruel mockery in singing its elegy:
Its fruit is dead; its leaves—they are not green;
Its fruit is dead; its leaves—they are not green;
It saw the world, and yet it was not seen;
It once did live, and now its life is done!

SOME MORAL REFLECTIONS.

Its spring is past, and yet it both not spring;
Its youth is post, and yet it is not young;
It saw the world, and yet it was not seen;
It come did live, and now its life is done?

Some Moral, ERFLECTIONS.

How cruel and unmerited this refrain as applied just now—at least to our own city and State, where "reform" is in such active eruption? Again, there are eithers besides the laboring man who, styling the last election "a februarion and an active eruption? Again, there are eithers besides the laboring man who, styling the last election "a februarion and the second and the second as four more years of this heavenly rule! Perhaps they forcet that the terrorism of the time suppressed facts which have since transpired. It may be said that Gen Grant was voted for as a lesser evil; that his opponent aroused the fears of the timid, wealthy, and selfish; that the cohorts who rallied under seventy thousand office holders, and with money by the million were inducing that pride of place and excess of power which prepare for a more complete overthrow and a more comprehensive reform. But was it not intended that we should draw night to the centenary of our national existence, so as to renew under grander ausnices the splendor of our carcer? Again, may we not study out some higher purpose which permits our benefacent financial policy to continue four vears more? To pay the syndicate only ten millions for funding two hundred millions: A pairty sum! But Providence favored the unsellish syndicate. Two thousand millions are now being placed on the market under its patriotic management. Doubtless we shall be exempred to the management of the particular of the particular of the particular of the particular of the past four years \$464,000,000 in imports and customs. Are we not rich in money and hopes? Even merchants—carping creatures—are found who protest against the Secretary of the Treasury changing at will the volume of our currency. They say it is contrary to law, assists speculation, discourages business and chances values. Th

looking abroad, blush about Vienna; but does it follow we have lecredit there than at home?

CAPT, JACK SINGING THE BATILE CRY OF FREEDOM.

Who does not recognize an ironic Providence in our Indian affairs? The Quaker policy is peace and—Canby is at rest. Capt, Jack is exalted in life, and if he dies imegination needs no aid to see him abotheosized and standing whiterobed on the walls of the New Jerusalem, singing with John Brown the battle-hymn of freedom, with the scalp-lock of the pale woman dangling at his belt. To come hearer to our homes and our interests, in what department of the Administration does not this high ironic approbation appear? In the mode of appointing Judges to revoke previous decisions? In the grand schemes of internal improvement to gratify local pride and aggrandize selfish speculation? Not in these alone. The intellectual force of the majority is not less apparent in the general misgovernment South and North, in State and city, is it not late to complain of this? Was it not known that States like North Carolina had been betrayed, robbed of resources, taxed to impovershment, States and railroads put under bonds of paper and bands of iton, handed over to rogues who were preferred at Washington? Why should rebel States complain if they are left to repudiation and anarchy? Dil not the men who furnished the means to corrupt the ballot last fail, dicker in the false, orzed, and illegal bonds of those States? Is not that better than secssion and slavery?

I can understand why we have pharisaical cant about misgovernment at the South from those who are the guilty; but I cannot understand why the victims of this Government and spollation should complain when they are told, "Mind your business. Engage in trade. We will take care of your politics. Put in your crops; and no matter whether laws protect them unto the harvesting or not, we will protect you. Providence has given us the power. We will not limit its exercise to one State more than to another;" What divine impartiality? Not only were the CAPT. JACK SINGING THE BATTLE CRY OF FREE-

moved to refer it to the Judicary. What right had it to interfere and move that it lay on the table, to be taken up at any time, with a view to relieve the State? I said then what seems now a waste of prophecy—that there would be no action, and that "non-action would perpetuate the usurpation." Perhaps I was rash intreating in that way so good a message. True, the Senate Committee itself had denounced the wrong and gave some hope to the oppressed; but had not the election said in advance to the oppressor: "Lay on the mailed hand. It is only the mouths of the Mississippi which you smother!" This was the climax of irony. Georgia is the only one of the States once in rebeilion which is free from these enlightened policies. How was she freed? A French writer, describing the filthiness of the Calmucks, says that after their departure from a camp the vermin were so thick on the dead leaves that the leaves walked off of themselves. The noble Gov. Bullock walked off in imitation of these sagacious and attached friends of the soldier. Is there no other pretext for the continuance of these policies except the simster approval of the people last fall? Ah, yes; there is not yet a recognized civil equality. The black is superior, and there is now impending a fierce war between master and ex-slave to regain the equality of the former. But the length of this irony can no further go. I doubt were the election to come off to-day if the result of this irony can no further go. I doubt were the election to come off to-day if the result of this irony can no further go. I doubt were the election to come off to-day if the result of this irony can no further go. I doubt were the election to come off to-day if the result of this irony can no further go. I doubt were the election to come off to-day if the result of this irony can no further go. I doubt were the election to come off to-day if the result of this irony can no further go. I doubt were the election to come off to-day if the result of this irony can no further go. I doubt wer THE GOOD GEN. BUTLER

A LEGISLATURE WHICH SWALLOWS ITSELP.

A Radical Legislature gives us a so-called charter. It is a code made by St. Lawrence county or Dunkirk town for our municipal government. A strange legislative jumble it is like certain polypi, with numerous tails and many mouths, the mouths swallowing the tails. You may break it into many parts, it is the same anomalous production. New York city had a charter and kept it with little change for 200 years. It came down from the second James. It was enlarged and confirmed by the crown in 1708, 1730, and 1782, and after the Revolution by the State Legislature. It was a free charter. It was a perpetual corporation, and was scarcely amended until within a few years. It was at once the fountain and the stream of the city's liberty and advancement. Under it New York city grew—how greatiy! But it is reserved for these days of intermedding pertisan presumption to reform away our chartered rights, to satisfy party need and greed. When the people gave their lives and treasures to preserve the unity of the Federal Government they never intended to override local liberty in State or A LEGISLATURE WHICH SWALLOWS ITSELP.

city. Ner did Providence, by any sort of election, mean to allow this system to be permanently destroved.

The Democracy has proved the best custodian of home rule. This society is one of its best exemplars. Tammany means nothing now if not the honest conservator of pulyie right. It is respectated. I am not afreid to pronounce its name. Names are but urly vicors to scare children and women. In this estimate of the function and career of the Democraty I do not undertate our Liveral allies of tlast year. Next to a fearless press, and the spontaneous movement of the people, is the united organization of those who think alike for the Republic. Coalitions of dissimilar partisans for mere success are odious. All prearrangements for party success are suspected. All movements, however, East or West, weiling forth impulsively, if honestly made, will find direction, energy, and organization. If all others fail, there is one organization as a nucleus. The Democratic party has been purified by sacrifice. It has its high utility in this crisis, when it maintained its old close communion it was said to be laggard. When last year we answered such taunts by making an advance and accepting what was called a liberal view of politics, we were taunted with desertion and overwhelmed with defeat. This was not encouraging. It tends neither to independence of thought or action. It drives us back within our old intrenchments, and there will fly the old banner, under which the conflict will be maintained by Democratic artiflery, served by the best men of all organizations. Nor did Providence, by any sort of elec-mean to allow this system to be perma-

the nation is undergoing the gravest perils. through the greed for gain and the lust of power, and the low passions of personal and mercenary politics. It does not become us to be apathetic. This is not a society of despairing casturds or luxurious laggards. The sons of Tammany are not so graceless as to toss the parent's head back on the conech of languishing as if already dead. Suppose there has been a strange lethargy, and wromes have grown to monstrous proportions, does it follow that the power that allowed, either in heaven or earth, will forever perpetuate? Suppose the the last election continued what you believed to be an odious, incapable, demoralizing rule, is it at such a time that you leave the land to the mercy of barrack councils and partisan cormorants? The very traditions of this Society for three score years inspire a better faith. In this day, when the Latin races of Europe are essaying to establish republics; when France even is moderate in its changes of rulers under self-government; when the hymn of Riego in Spain drowns the careless click of the castanet and lazy twang of the guitar; when all Europe is being inspired with the doctrine of federal and local liberty; when the experiment of decentralizing without disruption is being tried before the world, it is not for us in this hail nor the Democracy of this grand metropolis of the hemisphere to sing jeremiads about our Republic, its system and its future. Our voice should be like that of Isaiah, full of hope and promise: "Good tidings shall bind up the broken-hearted, and to them that mourn in Zion, give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

\* And they shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations, "as the earth bringeth forth her boud, and the garden causeth things that are cown in it to spring forth." "Go t

Mr. Cox was frequently interrupted by ap-RUFUS F. ANDREWS ON THE PRESIDENT.

RUFUS F. ANDREWS ON THE PRESIDENT.

The next short talk was by the Hon. Rufus F. Andrews.

Mr. Andrews was dressed in a black frock cost and white trousers. He wore no vest. I Stepping to the front of the platform, he thrust his left hand into his trousers pocket, and flourishing his handkerchief in the other hand, hegan:

He said: "You may think it strange that I should speak to you from this platform. It may, however, be well for you to hear from one who has; been recently converted, because you knowl new converts are more enthusiastic than old Christians. (Laughter.] I was once an officeholder under Abraham Lincoln. And I say that we never had a better President than Abe Lincoln, not even excepting George Washington. (Faint applause.) What did Abe Elincoln intend to do after the war was ended. He intended to request the Legislatures of the several rebellious States to assemble and repeal their ordinances of secession. That was his idea of reconstruction. He believed in State rights. (Applause.) But Abe Lincoln was assassinated before he could carry out his plan, and Andrew Johnson became President. Now I am no prophet, but I believe that the time will come when everybody will concede that we never had an abler President than Andy Johnson. (Applause.)

Here Mr. Andrews took his hand out of his trousers pocket, and gesticulating first with one hand and then with the other, said: "What have we got now? We have got Grant. Now some of you may think that Grant is a fool, But he isn't. I know him. I was Chalrman of the committee which first brought him to New York. I took him to Coper Institute. Didn't Grant and I get our carriage upset? (Laughter.) Peter Cooper will tell you that we had to break through a window to get in. I took him and put him in. (Laughter.) I was a hard job to get him to come to New York. I went to Washington and called on him. He showed ine his horses and taked about them. He can beat any man I ever knew The next short talk was by the Hon. Rufus F

TALKING HORSE.

[Laughter.] I asked him to come to New York with me. He said he was a military man—General of the Army—and would not go to New York. I then called on President Johnson, and told him that Grant would not go to New York. Mr. Johnson wrote him a note asking him to go. When I showed Grant the note, he said "That is in the nature of a military order. I will go." [Laughter.] And that is the trouble with him. He sees everything in a military way.

Turning to Grand Sachem Scheil Mr. Andrews said: "Mr. Grand Sachem Frank Blair was right when he said that if Grant once got his seat in the Presidential chair he would never get out of it if he could help it."

Mr. Andrews retired under tremendous applance. TALKING HORSE.

The last short talk was by Gen. Spinola. WASHINGTON CORRUPTION EXPOSED.

WASHINGTON CORRUPTION EXPOSED.

After telling what he and his associates had done in Albany toward defeating the Custom House Ring and predicting the success of the Tammany Democracy at the next election, the General passed to national politics. He said that the Grant administration had plundered the treasury by stealing from it back pay. He thought the Credit Mobilier swindle more enormous than the frauds recently exposed in this city, "What a spectacle," said he, "to see two Vice-Presidents of the United States receiving money as a bribe and then lying about it, one of them trying to screen himself behind the tombstone of a dead friend, and the other hiding behind the gravestone of his deceased wife. I think they ought to have been called the graveyard cadets." The General charged that the Administration had usurped powers which belonged to the States, and denounced the interference with the people of Louisiana. "But that is not all," he continued. They have tried to interfere with the liberties of the people of your own State. They have arrested the editor of one of the ablest newspapers in this city, and they are now trying to take him away from New York, where they

him away from New York, where they

DARE NOT TRY HIM

to Washington, where they can try him before a
tribunal of their own making. I reter to Mr.
Charles A. Dana of The New York Sun, [Applause.] I do not understand why the press of
this city has not protested against this action
of the Administration authorities. Can it be
possible that they think it a small affair? I tell
them, and I tell you, fellow citizens, that this
question involves the personal liberty of every
citizen in the country. And I tell that Liliputian Davenport that he dares not send
Charles A. Dana to Washington to be tried.
[Applause, and cries of "That's so,"]
The people of this city will not permit it to be
done. They will rise in their might and hurl
these minions of this corrupt Administration
from power. [Long-continued applause.]

After the literary exercises the usual collation
was enjoyed in the lower hall.

Mayor Havemeyer's Review of the National

Guardsmen. The military display yesterday was superior to anything witnessed in this city on a Fourth for many years. The large turnout of the National Guard was doubtless due to the thoughtfulness of Major-Gen. Shaler in ordering the parade in the early hours of the morning before the sun had reached the zenith. At A. M. the troops took their position in Twentythird, Twenty-fourth, Twenty-sixth, and Twenty-seventh streets, on both sides of Madison avenue, and at about 8:30 the line of march was taken up, Gen. Shaler and his staff, escorted by a squadron of the Independent Cavalry of the First Division, taking the lead. The uniform of the cavalry escort was an imitation of one of the Prussian cavalry costumes, and the brilliant red facings and breast pieces, contrasting with the deep blue of the rest of the costume and the yellow housings of the horses, made this corps one of the most attractive in the procession.

Gen. Varian and staff of the Third Brigade followed the division staff. Leading the brigade was the gallant Seventh, under Col. Emmons Clark, in all the glory of full summer dress. The regiment turned out in good force, and never marched better. The Ninth (Col. Braine) followed, headed by their gaudily-uniformed band, and also did creditable marching. Next was the highth, with a drum and fife corps forty strong, that marching showed recent drill. The First the deep blue of the rest of the costume and

infantry, formerly the Hawkins Zouaves, were uniformed in heavy blue cloth, and looked hot and uncomfortable. The Fifty-lifth, the First troop of Washington Grays, mounted on grays, and a company of dismounted artillery brought up the rear of this brigade, which was followed by Gen, Ward of the First Brigade.

by Gen. Ward of the First Brigade.

IN WINTER UNIFORM.

The Twelfth. Twenty-second, and Seventy-first attracted attention by their fine marching, while the Seventy-ninth, in dark blue with red facings and large epaulettes of the same unseasonable color, made the long march under the disadvantage of parading in midsummer in a uniform which would be none too light for winter wear. Battery K of the First Division was neatly equipmed, and their brass pieces shone brilliantly fin the bright sunight. In horseliesh some improvement night have been made, but even in this respect "K" Battery was better provided than usual. The First Cavalry, which brought up the rear, marched in platoon front, and presented a galiant appearance.

Gen. Funk's Bijgrade, the Second, had the rear. Gen. Funk's Brigade, the Second, had the rear

Gen. Funk's Brigade, the Second, had the rear of the procession, and was led off by the gallant Fifth, with their no less gallant Colonel, Charles 8, Spencer, in command, and likewise in full uniform. Col. Spencer bestrode a beautiful roan mare, caparisoned with lavish expense. He wore his famous Prussian helmet, surmounted by a snow white waving plume; golden spurs, a sabre of burnished steel, and a blue coat and white trowsers completed his full uniform. The Fifth never turned out in a better trim, nor marched with greater precision. Fully 400 muskets were in line, and the band and drum corps numbered about sixty.

with greater precision. Fully 400 muskets were a line, and the band and drum corps numbered about sixty.

The Sixth, headed by a fine band did beautiful marching and wheeling, but the Eleventh, in addition to marching poorly, turned out a few men in buff linen trowners while the majority wore white. The Eighty-fourth, Col. Conklin, in their new uniforms, and the Ninety-sixth received frequent applause, while the Third Cavalry which brought up the rear showed to great advantage and marched admirably.

THE MARCH.

The troops marched in column of companies, and most of the regiments preserved good alignments and most of the regiments preserved good alignments and made creditable wheels. The route was up Madison avenue to Forty-second street, thence to Fifth avenue, and down the latter to Union square, where the soldiers were reviewed by Mayor Havemeyer. As Gen. Shaler and staff rode down Fifth avenue, at Twenty-sixth street, the last of the line was fling past the Union League Club. It is estimated that the procession was two miles long.

At the little cottage on the north side of Union square, Mayor Havemeyer, attended by some of the City Fathers, awaited the coming of the troops, and stood uncovered while they passed in review. The Mayor was much pleased with the display, and heartily expressed his gratification to Gens. Shaler, Funk, Ward, and Varian.

Although it was intensely hot throughout the parade, but few fell out of the ranks. Many of the men complain that in the march down Broadway they were required to carry their arms too long in one position. One regiment marched several blocks at a "support," which is a trying position. THE MARCH.

Veterans of the War of 1812; At sunrise yesterday Adjutant J. Gould Warner and James Michaels, adopted sons of the Veterans of 1812, hoisted the flag on the Block Fort in Central Park, at Seventh avenue, near 100th street. They were assisted by a delegation from Marion Council, No. 53, O. U. A. M. Col. Frank W. Sterry of the Sixth Regiment, German, had invited the Veterans to meet in German, had invited the Veterans to meet in the Armory in East Fifteenth street, near Third avenue, at 11 o'clock. Col. Sterry's regiment has entertained the boys of 1812 ever since the city refused to make an appropriation for them. There were not so many Veterans out yesterday as there were in 1872, and next year there will be fewer. Some had died, and others are too infirm to join their comrades. A decade hence the cateror of the Sixth will set a shorter table, and before long the last veteran will, like the last one of Oliver Goldsmith's Twelve Friends, sit alone and drink to his dead friends. Formerly they marched in the procession, then they rode in vehicles, and now they hobble on canes to their rendezvous, and, after forming in line for roll call, seek comfortable reclaning places. At half past 11 the roll was called. The Veterans answered, with their ages, respectively as follows, swered, with their ages, respectively as follows

Gen. Henry Raymond. St. Josep Baulser.
Col. Abraham Dally. 78. Amost emistock.
Lieut. Col. J. T. Hildreth. 73. Henry Verolanck.
Lieut. Col. I. M. Phyle. 36. Michael Van Name.
Capt. John G. Sexton. 81. William Fway.
Capt. John G. Sexton. 81. William Fway.
Charles Combs. 80. Edward Bush.
Henry Morris. 74. Cornellus B. Halsart.
Christopher Remmy. 84. Isaac Stelle.
M. E. De Grove. 78. Edward Weaver.
Samuel Ryckman. 82. Joseph Insice.
Jared Omstead. 80. Dudley Deming.
W. J. Surre. 71. Jonathan.
Jarob Van Nostrand. 90. Gen. Michem, Albany.
Chaplain J. H. Hall. 97. Thomas Blank.
George Newcomb. 77. Jonas Stellemore.
William R. Finckney. 78. William McKenzle.
William H. Brown. 77. Charles K. Crowley.
Permenis Doxy.
STORIES OF THE OLDEN TIME. THE ROSTER.

The accreate ages of the thirty-seven is 2,004, the oldest is 85, and the youngest is 72, their average ages being nearly 80. David Van Arsdale was absent. It was his father who in the Revolution climbed the greased pole at the Battery. When the British evacuated New York they nailed the British flag to the top of a greased pole, so that as they sailed down the Bay they might see their colors flying. Van Arsdale, Sr., nailed cleets to the pole as fast as they were handed to him, and reaching the top tore down the British bunting and put the Stars and Stripes in its place, the British meanwhile fring at him. About half past twelve the veterans sat down to a hearty collation, which included wine and cigars. After dinner Col. Sterry read letters from the Hon. Wilson G. Hunt. Samuel H. B. Vance, President of the Board of Alderman, R. Patterson. M. Edward Rogers of Philadelphia, and James Page, President Infant v Company, State Fensibles, Philadelphia. A humorous address was delivered by the Rev. Matthew Hale Smith. which evoked storms of applause. Charles Knowles Crowley, who can laugh at a joke at eighty-sive, sang "The Jolly Bold Herring," which was hitariously received. Isaac M. Phyfe, eighty-six, sang a bacchanalian ditty with a good voice, considering his age. He is probably the only man living who has seen every President of the United States. At three he saw George Washington, and can but faintly remember the circumstance. His father kept a grocery in Barclay street, where the Revolutionary soldiers used to meet to drink, snoke, and spin yarns, and Little "Ike" was a pet with them. Aaron Burr bought his wines there, and John Jacob Aster often smiled there. Mr. Phyfe saw The aggregate ages of the thirty-seven is 2.934.

spin yarns, and Little "Ike" was a pet with them. Aaron Burr bought his wines there, and John Jacob Astor often smiled there. Mr. Phyfe saw Hamilton after he was shot by Burr and before he died.

Col. Sterry was toasted and blessed, and after singing "Saw mv Leg Off—Short" and "One Finger, One Thumb Keep Moving," until the perspiration came out in beads, and listening to personal reminiscences and music, the Veterans separated until 1874. separated until 1874.

The Tenth Anniversary of the Battle of An-

tietam-The Sixty-ninth's Flag. Five thousand Irishmen assembled yes terday in Bellevue Garden to celebrate the day

and to witness the presentation by Gen. George B. McClellan of a flag from Tipperary to the Sixty-ninth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y. Thomas Francis Bourke was Chairman of the day. A little after 2 o'clock Gen. McClellan arrived in the park. This event created a stir in the multitude. Hundreds who fought in the Army of the Potomac under Little Mac were excited to wild enthusiasm by a view of their old and beloved commander. They could not content the aselves with one round of cheers for the General, but called for another, and followed it by still other rounds. They tossed their hats, jumped up and down, and huzzaed until they were hoarse and in a flood of perspiration. The old-time enthusiasm that the brilliant organizer of our great army always inspired among his soldiers seemed to have been awakened yesterday by his appearance before the Irish citizens of New York.

At 3 o'clock a battallon of the Irish volunteers, headed by the drum corps of the Eighth Regiment, marched into the park. The Sixty-ninth Regiment did not arrive until about 4. The people in the mean time became impatient at the delay. The absorbing topic was the flag, and the probable speech Gen. McClellan would make. Yesterday was the tenth anniversary of the battle of Antietam. The Sixty-ninth Regiment was in the engagement, and every reference to the old times roused the spirit of every ex-soldier. little after 2 o'clock Gen. McCiellan arrived in

times roused the spirit of every ex-soldier.

ENTER, GEN. M'CLELLAN.

The Sixty-ninth formed in front of the stand. This was effected only after fifteen minutes' persuasion, emphalic orders, and hard pushing. The regiment formed in triple lines. The Chairman and Reception Committee soon stepped from the hotel with Gen. McClellan. For ten minutes the scene around the stand was almost a pandemonium. Everybody was about frantic. Members of the regiment gave themselves up to the ecstacy of the occasion. Even officers caught the infection as Gen. McClellan stepped to the front of the stand and bowed with bared head. After a pause in the din, the Chairman introduced Gen. McClellan. The General first acknowledged his sincerest thanks for the cordial welcome and reception by the Irish friends of the Sixty-ninth Regiment. His duty was to present to that regiment a flag sent from the Irishmen at home in Tipperary. It was appropriate that the Fourth of July should be selected as the day of presentation. The last time he saw the green flag was on the battle-floid of Antietam. It was always in its proper place then, the felt conddent that it would be so in the future. minutes the scene around the stand was almost a pandemonium. Everybody was about frantic. Members of the regiment gave themselves up to the ecstacy of the occasion. Even officers caught the infection as tien. McClellan stepped to the front of the stand and bowed with bared head. After a pause in the din, the Chairman introduced Gen. McClellan. The General first acknowledged his sincerest thanks for the cordial welcome and reception by the Irish friends of the Sixy-ninth Regiment. His duty was to present to that regiment a flag sent from the Irishmen at home in Tipperary. It was appropriate that the Fourth of July should be selected as the day of presentation. The last time he saw the green flag was on the battle-field of Antietam. It was always in its proper place then. He felt confident that it would be so in the future.

Gen. McClellan has a happy faculty of expression, and the allusions to the services of the Cold Sixty-Ninth in the Army of the Potomac were applauded with all the kot and frank enthusiasm of the

Irish nature. As the General unfurled the flag it was greeted with 'hunders of applause.

Col. Cavanagh accepted the flag on behalf of his regiment in a few choice words and compliments to Gen. McClellan and the old Sixtyninth. Miles O'Brien r ad a porm. The flag is of dark green silk, about five feet by eight, bound with orange fringe. On one side are the words, "Tipperary to the Sixtyninth Regiment," and the word "Antietam" in gold. On the other side are an Irish harp worked in orange, and an American shield, painted in the national colors of red. white, and blue.

On the stand were Wm. E. Robinson, Thomas Clarke Luby, Gen. Burke, O'Donovan Rossa, Dr. Power, Major Conyngham, A. E. Costello, and Dr. Wm. T. Nealis, who served three years as surgeon in the old Sixty-ninth.

The Fourth on the Water.

The Argonauta Rowing Association celebrated the Fourth by a regatta on the Kill von Kuil. The club house was crowded with the friends of the club, and the boulevard along the shore was dotted with carriages and pedestrians. There were four races, all two miles with a turn. The club house is nearly opposite the centre of the course, which was a mile long.

About 3:30 P. M. the contestants for the first

race, which was in four-oared shells, drew up in line at the lower stake boat. Ed. Smith, E. R. ince which was in four-oared shells, drew up in line at the lower stake boat. Ed. Smith, E. R. Craft, Walter Man, and Morris Phillips wore blue colors, and Benj. Stephenson, A. C. Humphreys, Rut. Schuyler, and E. J. Bramhall wore red. The blues took the lead from the start, and maintained it to the finish, winning in II min. 55 sec., the reds coming in 30 seconds afterward.

The next race was for six-oared shells. Harry Meigs, R. H. Jackson, W. T. Taylor, M. G. Cavalli, S. S. Zabriskie, and John Wood wore magenta colors, and P. V. A. Brett, J. A. Lodwick, N. W. Trask, Frank Gunther, E. D. Brown, Jr., and Walter Brown wore orange. The race was amusing and exciting, owing to the number of fouls. At the start the oranges shot ahead, the magentas soon laoped them off the club house, and, after some splashing, run their shell right on top of the oranges, who pulled them along to the wharf just above, where all came to a halt. After splashing each other for a while they started again, and had another foul. Coming back, the Granges led and won by a length. The race was declared off, and is to be rowed again next Saturday.

A pair-oared race followed, Ed. Smith and E. R. Craft donned red shirts, and Rut. Schuyler and Benj. Stephenson wore white. At the start the reds went ahead. Off the club house the white shirts "hit her up," and for a while it was a neck and neck race. The reds, however, had a slight lead around their stake boat at the upper end, and started off at a lively pace as the whites turned theirs. The swell of a passing steamer, however, destroyed the latter's chances, and the reds won in 13 min. 32% sec. The time of the other crew was 13:47%.

The next race was in ordinary washtubs, and occasioned no end of fun. The ladies all voted it the most interesting race of the day. A closer race has seldon if everbeen rowed. From shim to get his name.

A single-scull race between Benj. Stephenson had a slight lead, passing the club house three-quarters of a length apart. At the start Stephenson had a slight lead, Craft, Walter Man, and Morris Phillips wore

The Fourth of July of Walworth, Sharkey, Murphy, and Gillen. Independence Day among the prisoners

of the Tombs has always been a remarkably quiet day, no visitors being admitted. Yesterday was no exception to the rule. In the forenoon the prisoners were allowed an hour's recreation, but the customary afternoon exercise was omitted, half of the keepers being allowed a half day's vacation. Murphy and Sharkey received many letters by the morning's mail from friends and relatives expressing sympathy. Their cells are next to each other on the lower tier, and they have many opportunities to converse with each other, which they embrace. They have been sentenced to be hanged one week from each other, ond both realize their situations keenly, although Sharkey is confident that a stay of proceedings in his case will be granted. Murphy looks to Gov. Dix for executive ciemency, but he has little hope in that

granted. Murphy looks to Gov. Dix for executive ciemency, but he has little hope in that direction. Frank H. Walworth maintains the composure which has characterized him ever since his imprisonment. The greater part of the day was assent in writing to distant relatives and friends. In conversation with an acquaintance the previous day he said that he had hoped to spend the Fourth of July outside of the prison. He is, it is said, to be taken before Judge Davis to-day for sentence. Charles O'Conor will present a bill of exceptions and argue for an arrest of sentence. The exceptions will be both to the rulings and to points made in the charge.

Stokes, Scannell, King, Simmons, Rozensweig and the other occupants of Murderers' Row spent a quiet Fourth of July. Warden Johnston says that the prisoners need a day of rest after the many exciting scenes of the week. On Tuesday, Murphy was sentenced to be hanged on August 8; on Wednesday morning, Gillen was sentenced to imprisonment for life; in the evening of the same day Walworth was found guilty of murder in the second degree; and on Thursday, Sharkey was sentenced to be hanged August 15. The coming week will be an exciting one among the prisoners.

An Incipient Fourth of July Riot in the Twenty-first Ward.

Twenty-first Ward. At noon yesterday a riot was threatened

in the neighborhood of Thirty-sixth street and First avenue. William Quigley was drunk, and abusing the passengers in one of the cars of the Belt line. The conductor remonstrated with him, and he was knocked down, as was Officer Wilson of the Thirty-fifth street police. Sergeant Ryan saw the scuffle, and hurried to rescue the officer. Quigley swore that he would not be taken to the police station, and the officers were obliged to knock him on the sidewalk and drag him along. A crowd gathered around the officers, and muttered threats of a rescue. Officers Keehan, Jordan, Tuohey, and Coffy having been summoned, tried to drive the crowd off, and were stoned while so doing. Officer Wilson was hit in the mouth, and his hip was split. Sergt. Ryan ordered the men to draw their revolvers and the crowd fied. The officers continued to drag Quigley up Thirty-sixth street, and were in constant danger from stones thrown at them from the tenements on both sides of the street. After the prisoner had been secured, Capt. Williams ordered out the reserve, and arrested William Fenton, Allvany; Jno. Roylance, 342 East Thirty sixth street; George Hirley, 615 First avenue; Daniel Welsh, 330 East Thirty-fifth street; Pat Quigley, 345 East Thirty-scond street; Pat Boine, 350 East Thirty-sixth street; and Eugene MoLean of Thirty-sixth street; and Eugene McLean of Thirty-fifth street; geant Ryan saw the scuffle, and hurried to res-

The Day in the Churches.

Yesterday morning in the church of the Immaculate Conception, East Fourteenth street, by a full choir. The Offertory, the Sanctus and the Agnus Dei were well rendered. Among the the Agmis Det were well rendered. Among the performers were Mile. Henrietta Carradi, Mmc. Huger, Herr Graff, and Messrs, Urches and Shoate. Professor Gustavus Schmitz played the organ, and was assisted by a grand chorus of sixty voices from the Catholic Choral Union. Father O'Farrell preached yesterday morning in St. Peter's, Barclay street, on Liberty in connection with the Catholic Church, showing how that denomination ever upheld the principles of freedom in the fullest sense.

A Hot Fourth of July on the Barren Sands

of Coney Island. With the rush of people out of the city yesterday to catch the ocean breeze, or a breath of fresh air, a large number made the desolate white sand mounds of Coney Island an objective point. By boat, by horse-car, and by the circuitous railroad, the pleasure-seekers were hurried to the island, and early in the morning the

anywhere out of the rain. The women-made a grab for their dresses, and darted after the men. The children, without taking any especial thought about the rain, gave a convulsive jump or two and a shout or two, and darted after the women. The rain pelted the dry and thirsty sand for a half hour, and the storm passed easily by, and the sun again broiled down. Fae sharpers, sharks, and rowdies for which Coney Island excursions have gained such a fame were absent from the multitude of visitors there yesterday, and the day's pleasure ended without a single fight. Between 5,000 and 6,000 persons bathed on the beach at Rockaway.

Dr. Brennan's Fourth of July Medicine for

his Patients. Warden Brennan of Believue Hospits. made his patients happy yesterday. About half past two, sack, hurdle, and wheelbarrow races were begun. The Warden bet fifty cents with several poor inmates on the wheelbarrow race, and lost. Two blindfolded men started from the gate with wheelbarrows, and made fun for everybody. Two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of fireworks were displayed in the evening. The Warden and his friends paid for them.

The Telegraph Boys' Day.

The American District Telegraph Company celebrated the day with a picnic given to their army of messenger boys. For several weeks the boys had been drilled in marching, and yesterday they presented a military appearand yesterday they presented a military appear-ance. They formed in line at the Thirty-eighth District office, marched through Sixth avenus and Thirty-fourth street to Broadway, and down the latter street to the City Hall, and after salut-ing the Mayor they continued to Whitehali street and thence to New Dorp, Staten Island. The day was devoted to running matches, foof races, &c., the principal prizes being a vacatios of three days with pay.

The Boulevard Club's Celebration. At sunrise the members of the club with their friends met at the club grounds, 1036 street, on the bank of the Hudson. The American flag was flung to the breeze, and after reveille thirteen guns were fired. After which the Boulevard Quartette Club sang the "Star Spangled Banner." "Hall Columbia," and "Yankee Doodle." At 2 o'clock 38 guns were fired. Prof. Wm. M. Jelliffe recited the Declaration of Independence, and the Hon. Jerome Buck delivered the oration. Fireworks were displayed in the evening.

An Old Society's Fourth. The New York State Society of the Cinrooms. W. S. Popham, Vice-President, in the

absence of the Fresident, Hamilton Fish, occupied the chair.

The meeting was opened with prayer by the chaplain, the Rev. Marinus Willett, and Messrs. Morris Lewis Livingston and Herbert J. Torrey were elected members.

The new Trustees elected are Messrs. Hamilton Fish, William H. Crosby, and William S. Popham.

absence of the President, Hamilton Fish, occu-

The Fourth at Fort Lee. The usual ten thousand went to Fort Lee yesterday on the three steamers which

made half-hourly trips from Spring street be-tween 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. With the exception of three or four too thirsty patriots everybod; was good natured. The usual number climbed the Palisades, and danced and plenicked on the historic ground of the old outlook of Revolutionary times. Many had not their climbing ambition and sought out shady nooks and by paths along the river shore. Here was a glee club, there a pair of lovers, and a few steps further a number of boys bathing without the feat of the Metropolitan Police before their eyes. The last boat came down literally packed, and was an hour and a half making the down trip, being delayed by great numbers landing at each stopping place. was good natured. The usual number climbed

How it was Celebrated in Paterson. The day was "ushered" in by the explosion of \$50 worth of powder by the Cannon Club (which was the extent of the Common

Council's patriotism) and the usual accompani-ment of small arms and church bells. Business was generally suspended. The Arion Singing Society escorted the Gorman societies to a mon-ster picnic at Bunker Hill. The Irish societies paraded, and then picnicked on Temperanca Island under the auspices of the St. John's T. A. B. Society. There were several private dis-plays of fireworks, quite handsome, but no-thing of a public character. With the exception of a few trivial pistol-accidents there were no mishaps. A firework stand exploded in Market street, causing great excitement; and a bundle of pyrotechnics acci-dentally exploded in a crowded Broadway horse car, but no one was injured. Society escorted the German societies to a mon

The Westenester Firemen's Contest Alert Engine Company of West Farm invited Jackson Engine Company of Morrisania to a friendly "squirt" and picnic in Lydig's Woods, near West Farms, vesterday. In the "squirt" the Jackson Company was successful.

OVER THE RIVER.

The Day in Brooklyn-Salutes, Decorations and Fireworks.
The Fourth was ushered in by the firing

of salutes, and the explosion of tombs, cannons and pistols. All the public buildings were decorated. The Court House and City Hall were covered with bunting. Mr. Patrick Towney, the keeper of the hall, outdid his previous efforts as a decorator. All the parks were crowded. At the Boulevard the Rev. Father Boylan of Cavan, Ireland, addressed the multitude gathered there on the great day of American independence. He hoped yet to see every nation under the sun enjoying a Fourth of July At the Constitution Club the celebration of the At the Constitution Club the celebration of the day was conducted by Coroner Whitehill. In the evening the city was aglow with the blaze of rockets, bombs, and candles.

The schools connected with the churches of St. Vincent de Paul (Father Campbed) and St. Mary (Father McDonald) celebrated the day without accident or disorder, in Myrtis Avenue Park and Boulevard Grove. List night a grand display of fireworks was made by the Eckford Club, in Fourth street, E. D.

James Gehan, thirty years old, sent a bullet through his head by the premature explosion of his pistol. Edward Boken of 344 Livingstoe street, aged twelve years, was badly burned about his face and hands by the explosion of powder. Henry Webster of Ninth street, Williamsburgh, was statally injured by the explosion of a can of powder which he had in his pocket. Thomas Cantrell, aged 25 years, of 385 First street, Williamsburgh, had his thumb lacerated by the discharge of his pistol. Thomas Reilly, aged 15 years, of 142 Fifth street, had his hand shattered. Edward Ryan, ten years old, was severely burned about the face by lire crackors. Samuel Leary of 89 Hamilton street, and James Graham of Bergen street, shot themselves in the hand. Raymond Kimball's finger was blown off by the discharge of his pistol at his residence. ACCIDENTS.

off by the discharge of his pistol at his residence.

38 Skillman street.

John J. Fav, a nephew of Mr. Fay, proprietor of the liquor store at Main and Prospect streets, Brooklyn, discharged his revolver at the stoop adjoining the store. When he emptied the flith barrel the ball entered Mr. David Maine's thigh, who came from the basement to ascertain the cause of the shooting. Fay was arrested.

Mr. Pat. Gorman and Mr. John Scott reside at 2:5 Plymouth street, Brooklyn, Mr. Gorman amused himself yesterday afternoon discharging his revolver at a target in his wood shed. While thus engaged Mr. Scott went into his shed to split wood. A ball from Gorman's pistol pierced the target and partition and struck Mr. Scott in the hand, inflicting a painful and severe wound.

Yesterday morning Henry Guken, 18 years.

Scott in the hand, inflicting a painful and severs wound.

Yesterday morning Henry Guken, 18 years, discharged his pistol from the roof of his residence, 480 Sackett street. The weapon was loaded, and the ball entering the rear window of the house 431 Union street, struck Mrs. Ellen Souter in the spine, inflicting a fatal wound.

John Wohl, aged 14, living in First street, R. D., was accidentally shot in the left hand by a playmate. Dr. Schurer amputated one of his fingers.

George Keenan, 13 years, of North Seventh and Fifth streets, E. D., lost his left hand by the explosion of a pistol that he was loading. Sent to the City Hospital.

Thomas Chapman, of 224 Ainslie street, E. D., while assisting at the fireworks at the corner of North Seventh street and Union avenue, had his face and eyes severely burned by the premature explosion of a bombshell. Attended by Surgeon Brady, and sent home.

Frank Kelly, a blacksmith, of 113 Third street.

Brady, and sent home.
Frank Kelly, a blacksmith, of 113 Third street,
E.D., while setting off a bombshell, had his face
and eyes badly burned by its premature explosion.
FIRES. Fireworks in Mrs. Lanahan's candy store, 23 Hudson street, Brooklyn, exploded yesterday morning and badly burned Mr. and Mrs. Lana-

han.

The house 271 Tompkins avenue, Brooklyn, was fired yesterday morning by fireworks. It is occupied by Sergeants Smith and Miller. Their loss on furniture is \$700. Damage to building \$2,000. Mr. Grimshaw's house adjoining was Continued on Third Page.